

## THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Co.  
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 16.  
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),  
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.  
VOL. 28.....NO. 9,736

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Books and Press Room  
OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE  
EVENING EDITION  
OF  
THE WORLD  
for the week ending Saturday, April 14, was  
as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,320
TUESDAY.....	94,380
WEDNESDAY.....	102,300
THURSDAY.....	100,820
FRIDAY.....	100,480
SATURDAY.....	98,160

Average for the entire  
Month of March.....106,291

## LABOR KNOWS.

The New York Sun, encouraged by the strength of the money power in the Legislature, returns to its assault upon the Saturday Half Holiday.

This corporation organ asserts that the Half Holiday is "a blunder and a nuisance," that "affair is relief to nobody" and "ought to be repealed." It says that Sunday is holiday enough—Sunday, when church-going is about the only recreation lawfully open to the toilers who spend six long days indoors.

Against this mercenary opinion we place the protest of the fifty-two thousand workmen sent to Albany by THE EVENING WORLD, and the petitions of an equal number more of the laboring class, sent by labor organizations. Not a worker has declared the law a "nuisance." Labor knows what it wants in this country. Let the law stand.

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Whenever a great corporation deals with its workmen as though they were human beings, with immortal souls and mortal bodies to care for, instead of treating them like so many bars of iron or bales of hay, its example deserves high commendation.

The West End Street Railway Company of Boston, though enjoying a monopoly of street transportation in that city, has set such an example. It has signed an agreement with its 5,000 conductors and drivers to pay \$2 per day of ten hours, with suitable time for meals. Promotion is to depend on merit and length of service, each employee is to have a day off every two weeks and other provisions are equally just.

That is the way to prevent strikes.

## THE BREWERIES TROUBLE.

The brewers take an illogical and unjust position in declaring that they give "no recognition to the unions."

Is not their pool a union—the hardest and closest kind of a combination? With what consistency or justice can they deny to their workmen a right which they claim and exercise for themselves?

Neither are they justified in attempting to compel the public to buy or drink the beer which they have undertaken to "protect." When the brewers act separately it will be time enough for them to talk about "dealing only with individuals."

## MORE CONTRACT LABOR.

The interception at Castle Garden and return to their own land of a band of Italian marble-cutters, imported under contract by a rich firm of Boston quarries to take the place of their men who are on strike, is a good job to be credited to the vigilance of the Knights of Labor.

Representatives of the marble quarries have lately been protesting against any diminution of the bounty which they enjoy under the present laws on the plea that they pay higher wages than are received by the "pauper labor" of Italy. And yet upon the first pretext they seek to import these very laborers, in violation of the law, to press down wages here.

The Government should collect the \$1,000 penalty incurred for each such offense.

Students of the law of coincidences have noticed the killing of two women under precisely similar circumstances within a week. An eloping couple were walking on the street in a New Mexican town last week when the man's pistol fell from his overcoat pocket, exploded and sent a ball through the woman's heart. The wife of a guard in the jail at Woodbury, N. J., who had brought her husband his supper, and sat by his side, was instantly killed on Saturday by a bullet through her heart discharged from her husband's pistol as it fell from his pocket and struck the stone floor. Accidents, like crimes, seem to come in groups.

The SUNDAY WORLD's high-water mark in advertising goes up as resistlessly as that made by the spring floods. Yesterday this "People's Medium" had 174 columns of advertising containing 5,793 separate notices. This beats THE WORLD's previous records, and of course leaves all the rest of the journalistic earth well behind.

Nature is engaged in "painting the earth green," and April showers are necessary to the full success of the undertaking.

The electric wires don't go underground, but they are putting a good many victims there.

Of all the queer causes of crime, that of the Georgia brothers, who killed a man "because he wore store clothes," is the most

comical. Martyrs to civilization are still called for, it appears, in some parts of the country.

Cold water isn't a bad drink for a change.

## GOOD THINGS IN MARKET.

Bees, 15 cents a pound.  
Tomatoes, 50 cents a quart.  
Flour, 40 cents a barrel.  
Pineapples, 40c. to 50c. each.  
Terrapin, 50 cents to \$1.40 each.  
Best Bombay dates, 15c. a pound.  
Best new spring butter, 25 cents a pound.  
California Golden Bunch pears, \$1.50 a dozen.  
Oranges, from Seville Grove, Fla., 60c. to \$1 a dozen.  
Strawberries are getting cheap. Forty cents a quart now.

## UNION SQUARE BRIC-A-BRAC.

J. H. Roberts strolling in the park.  
John Wild telling funny stories in the Hotel Dan.  
Archibald Gordon leaving the Union Square Hotel.  
Oliver T. Pike trying to get away from the Rialto.  
Joseph Palmer, the comedian, breakfasting at the Everett.  
Richard K. Fox passing in Broadway, near Fourteenth st.  
Lawyer Joseph Gutman dropping into Mondie's to see Joseph Becker.  
Charlie Dickson in front of the Morton House with a white Dory.  
The veteran actor, Harry Edwards, sunning himself and watching the children play.  
Ed Wilkes McClave telling his friends that he is just back in town and stopping at the Morton House.

## AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

John J. McCoy is an excellent writer.  
Jeremiah Burns is proud of his mustache.  
Under-Sheriff Sexton is a very busy man.  
Order of Arrest Clerk Martin is an athlete.  
Joe Burk likes to take boudiers to Sing Sing.  
Dave McGonigal would like to run for Sheriff.  
Charles Snyder would like to be an opera singer.  
Alderman John J. Ryan would like to be a deputy sheriff.  
Thomas Moore always has a cheerful word for his friends.  
Thomas O'Donnell likes the color of the grass in the park.  
James Calhoun's hair is getting some threads of silver in it.  
Thomas F. Crawford is known as the great Hawkshaw.  
Deputy Joe Young is the first man in the office in the morning.  
James Rickard is one of the most obliging men in the department.  
George Elliot, one of the handsomest men in the Sheriff's office.

## WORLDLINGS.

The physician in attendance on the Queen of Corea is an American woman, who is said to receive an annual salary of \$15,000 for her services.  
Rufus Weston and his son, farmers living near Beaver Falls, Pa., recently ploughed up in a field an old coin that contained a number of gold coins, amounting in all to \$235. Most of the coins bear dates of forty and fifty years ago.

Nineteen of the twenty-five waiters at the Hotel de Monte in Monterey, Cal., struck last week rather than wear dress-coats, in which garb the proprietors had ordered them to appear. They walked out of the dining-room at the dinner hour, and their places were filled by wait-bells.

James Addington, of East Aurora, N. Y., has a meerschaum pipe that is probably the finest in the country, for it is valued at \$300. The pipe is 15 inches in length from the bowl to the tip of the mouthpiece, and is an exquisite piece of hand-carving. It took the workman three years to complete the task of making it.

Miss Helen Blanchard, now a resident of Philadelphia, is a Maine girl, who has made a fortune through the invention of the simple "over-unders" hat attachment for sewing machines. When she discovered the device she had to borrow money to pay the first Patent Office fees. She now owns large estates, a manufactory and many patent rights that yield her a large income in royalties.

Mart Duggan, ex-city Marshal of Leadville, Col., who was shot and killed in that city a few days ago, had long had the reputation of being one of the bravest men in the West. He was Marshal of Leadville during the exciting times of 1879-80, when the city was filled with desperate characters, and he performed the duties of his office with a fortitude and unflinching courage that won every one's admiration.

John Sutcliffe, one of the most notorious criminals in Ohio, who died at Steubenville recently at the age of ninety-five, had a national reputation as a "fence" and burglar from all over the country used to dispose of their plunder at his shop. His house was a curiosity shop, filled from cellar to garret with all kinds of spoils, and it was said that he would buy anything from a pauper or a family Bible to a load of scrap iron.

## A TURN OVER.

(From Harper's Bazar.)



"Hey, clear de way start, will yer?"



Noize I kin git a good start, will yer?"

An' ride a ways on de handle myself."

The natural consequence of riding on the handle.

Sejourner in the Hotels.

M. Hainsford, of Montreal, is at the Gilsey.

Eugene Pougnet, of Paris, is at the Hoffman.

J. H. Thayer, a broker of Chicago, is at the Gilsey.

Chas. E. Hyde, of Boston, is among the Grand's guests.

J. H. Marsh, Jr., of Boston, is well cared for at the Sturtevant.

K. A. Kellogg, of Pittsburg, is at the Fifth Avenue.

Esther M. Dunn, the Quebec merchant, has rooms at the Grand.

Congressman Geo. B. Weed, from Pittsburg, has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

Anthony J. Sweeney, of Kansas City, is once more in New York, and can be found at the Hoffman.

The Hotel Dan: A. C. Dam, of Portland; A. J. Westworth, of Boston, and W. B. Hyde, of Syracuse.

The St. James has among its business men Richard J. Freeman, of London, and Louis Becker, of Richmond.

Mrs. B. Scott, of St. Paul, is at the Fifth Avenue.

The latest arrivals at the Union Square Hotel are S. P. Conner, of Boston; G. F. Treat, of Chicago; Charles Tomlinson, of Minneapolis; G. A. Wilbur, of Philadelphia.

To-day's new guests at the Morton House include James K. Maffi, of Boston; K. Wilkins, of Toronto; A. W. Jones, of Uxbridge; John Warner, of Astoria; and Benjamin Magalloway, of Philadelphia.

## THE STOLEN PLATES.

OR,  
How the United States Treasury Department Was Robbed.

A Detective Story Furnished by  
HENRY V. STEERS,  
Inspector of the Metropolitan Police.  
CHAPTER I—CONTINUED.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

Westchester County was specially favored in this line of work, and suspicion fell upon two well-dressed and apparently very respectable women. They were very methodical in their operations and invariably selected Saturdays for the circulation of their fraudulent money. In those days the Metropolitan police force took in a portion only of Westchester County, Morrisania, now the Twenty-fourth Ward, being an independent town over which ex-Capt. John T. Robbins, presided, with the high-sounding title of Chief of Police. The Thirty-second Sub-Station, Tremont, was in command of Henry V. Steers, a sergeant of the New York police, and then as now an active, intelligent and wide-awake officer. He had begun his career on the force when his father was a captain, and may in reality be said to be a born policeman. His jurisdiction extended to Melrose and West Farms, and he was on the alert constantly to detect crime and prevent his constituents from being victimized.

## CHAPTER II.

WHILE seated at his high desk in the Tremont police station, on Sept. 7, Sergeant Steers was informed by a citizen that the towns of Melrose and West Farms were being flooded with counterfeit fifty-cent fractional currency. Two well-dressed women, it was said, one fifty and the other twenty years of age, paid regular visits to West Farms on Saturdays, when storekeepers were busy and the stores were full of customers, made moderate purchases and paid their bills in fractional notes so closely resembling the genuine currency that in the rush they were accepted, only to be thrown out at the banks.

The Sergeant drove at once to West Farms to confer with the tradesmen who had been victimized, determined to find the offenders and capture their outfit, if it were possible to do so. He counseled the victims to maintain strict secrecy concerning their losses, so the game should not be flushed and to let them make a third and, he hoped, final raid on the succeeding Saturday.

VIGILANT SERGT. STEERS.

The eventful Saturday came—a bright moonlight night of Sept. 13, 1873. The Sergeant took two discreet policemen with him, and the trio in citizens' dress drove leisurely into West Farms and made a tour of the stores as though they were ordinary townsmen on business bent. They had visited several stores without hearing from the mysterious females and Sergt. Steers feared that they had taken alarm and started on a new base of operations. He maintained his vigil, however, and soon was rewarded by seeing two fashionably dressed women, evidently mother and daughter, enter a large store on Main street, now One Hundred and Seventy-first street, and with perfect nonchalance make a liberal purchase of dress-goods. The Sergeant strolled leisurely to the same corner, asked to see some woolen dress-suitings, and while apparently examining the texture and quality of the fabrics, he kept the two women under constant surveillance. They selected their merchandise and paid for it in fractional currency—which the quick eye of Steers detected as counterfeit—but so well executed as to deceive persons who were not on the lookout.

## SURPRISED AND SAUCY.

The wily Sergeant did not examine any more merchandise, but, following the retreating women, he halted them as they reached the door, and, tapping them on the shoulder, quietly whispered: "You had better not make a fourth. I want you to go with me."

## Warned Against Sneak-Thieves.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have read your lively paper from the start, with only two or three exceptions, and have never before troubled you with a growl; but at this particular time I would ask you to warn your readers to keep their doors locked and guard against sneak-thieves.

One of these gentlemen paid us a visit this afternoon at our house in Sixth avenue. I was out and only women were in the place, and he was a business man, a man from the city, and he was very fond of the women described him as well dressed, with an overcoat, a brown Derby, an umbrella, of slight build, about five feet, six inches tall, with fair skin, hair, very slight mustache, thinish face and cool, quiet manners.

Our women folks grabbed him, but he broke away and made off towards Fourteenth street. They say they could identify him easily.

## CONSTANT READER.

"Stranger" Lewis's Challenge.

The probabilities are that there will be a lively time at the London Theatre to-night. "Parson" Davies, of Chicago, has engaged the theatre for his wrestling star, Ryan Lewis, "the stranger," and Billy Muldoon. On their behalf he offers \$20 to any man who throws either of them in fifteen minutes, and will give \$50 to any man whom either Lewis or Muldoon falls to throw in a quarter of an hour. If either Lewis or Muldoon falls to throw a man in five minutes, Mr. Davies will give that man \$5 for each minute over five until a fall is made by his champion. Capt. D. B. Kelly, the first athlete, will, it is said, present himself on the stage to-night to accept the terms. "Jim," as he is called, is a typical athlete 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighing 150 pounds in condition. He is confident that neither Muldoon nor Lewis can throw him in fifteen minutes, according to catch-as-catch-can rules, with straight hold and feet, and he has many friends who will back him with money to withstand the attack of either Lewis or Muldoon for fifteen minutes.

Who are you, sir, that dare to interrupt and address two ladies who are total strangers to you? Oh, that I were a man! I would punish you on the spot."

The Sergeant smiled and felt pity for the women, but as an officer in the discharge of duty he must perform it, painful as it might be. As tenderly as possible he whispered, so as not to attract too much notice from outsiders:

"Madame, I am Sergeant Steers, of the New York police, and I arrest both of you."

The quieter you are, the better it will be for you."

A team was secured from Mr. Jessup, a merchant who was a victim to the counterfeits, and the women were seated, with two officers to guard them. As Sergt. Steers was preparing to mount he detected a suspicious movement on the part of the younger woman and saw her throw something away. He gave his attention to this new phase in the case and found in the roadway a small parcel of notes which, on examination, proved to be \$500 worth of counterfeit currency, companions to those which had been circulated so freely, and all of them crisp and new, as if they had recently been taken from the press.

## A SILENT MOONLIGHT RAID.

The nearly full moon bathed the country with silvery light and the team trotted along at a lively pace. The mysterious females maintained strict silence, and during the drive of many miles did not exchange a word with each other or with their captors. All efforts to draw them into conversation were futile, and the Sergeant felt that he had a difficult task before him to prove their identity and learn where they lived.

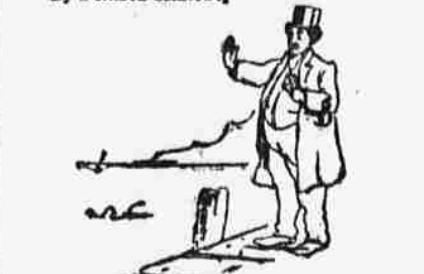
(Concluded to-morrow.)

## OUR SPRING SEA SERPENT.

Now that spring has come o'er us and we've dropped the winter frosts; Now that waters have grown calmer, So that they no more will whirled us, We will hear of the Sea Serpent! All around us and on our beam.

Great things grow from small beginnings, And when a sea snake gets an innings There's no telling, you may wager, How she'll grow, or how to gauge her.

Here's a simple little story, Nothing shocking, nothing gory; Simply facts as were narrated By a citizen belated!



"First the serpent seemed a fixture, Small and beautiful (see picture); Next he which showed cause one fear, Nothing for which one need care."



"Hello, now she's growing longer; Head much bigger, seems much stronger. Wait on earth's she going to do? Coming here. (See picture 2.)"



"Goodness, isn't she shorter? Wonder some one hasn't caught her. Guess she isn't afraid of me. Have a drink? (See picture 3.)"



## THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

"The Boy Revivalist"; Still Interesting Thousands in His Great Work.

"We are going to add another hundred to our jubilee number to-day," said "The Boy Revivalist," Rev. Thomas Harrison, at the June Street Methodist Church. "Just think of it," he continued. "We celebrated the completion of the list of one thousand souls saved Thursday, and on Friday fifty more names were added, and to-day will add another fifty."

Every inch of space from the pulpit to the street doors was occupied, and the pulpit were more than a score of ministers, many of whom were grown gray in the service, and they all declared that they had never seen anything like it. The enthusiasm was so great that no sermons were preached during the day, although the Rev. Mr. Harrison went on each service to preach. The services lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until nearly midnight, with short intermissions for dinner and supper. What cheering intervals passed against losing their seats, which, however, were only deemed useful during the preliminary singing and praying, as after the invitation was extended for mourners to congregate around the altar, every body stood up until the close of the service.

Mr. Harrison said to a World reporter: "Among the converts to-day was a man who had been identified with one of the infidel clubs, and who a few weeks ago got up in church and argued with a prominent minister a man from the city, and he was very fond of the women described him as well dressed, with an overcoat, a brown Derby, an umbrella, of slight build, about five feet, six inches tall, with fair skin, hair, very slight mustache, thinish face and cool, quiet manners."

Our women folks grabbed him, but he broke away and made off towards Fourteenth street. They say they could identify him easily."

## CONSTANT READER.

"Stranger" Lewis's Challenge.

The probabilities are that there will be a lively time at the London Theatre to-night. "Parson" Davies, of Chicago, has engaged the theatre for his wrestling star, Ryan Lewis, "the stranger," and Billy Muldoon. On their behalf he offers \$20 to any man who throws either of them in fifteen minutes, and will give \$50 to any man whom either Lewis or Muldoon falls to throw in a quarter of an hour. If either Lewis or Muldoon falls to throw a man in five minutes, Mr. Davies will give that man \$5 for each minute over five until a fall is made by his champion. Capt. D. B. Kelly, the first athlete, will, it is said, present himself on the stage to-night to accept the terms. "Jim," as he is called, is a typical athlete 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighing 150 pounds in condition. He is confident that neither Muldoon nor Lewis can throw him in fifteen minutes, according to catch-as-catch-can rules, with straight hold and feet, and he has many friends who will back him with money to withstand the attack of either Lewis or Muldoon for fifteen minutes.

Who are you, sir, that dare to interrupt and address two ladies who are total strangers to you? Oh, that I were a man! I would punish you on the spot."

The Sergeant smiled and felt pity for the women, but as an officer in the discharge of duty he must perform it, painful as it might be. As tenderly as possible he whispered, so as not to attract too much notice from outsiders:

"Madame, I am Sergeant Steers, of the New York police, and I arrest both of you."

## TRACK, FIELD AND RING.

SPORTING MEN'S OPINIONS OF DEMPSEY'S BUSINESS SKEWNESS.

Ford May Be a Contestant at the New York Athletic Club's Games on June 7—The Glove Contest Between Bell and Ferguson to Be a Hot One.



ask me that sum and refuse to unt strap his ones till I forked over."

"What's a benefit for?" asked Al Smith. "I take it that it's to do a man good, and how much good do you do him when you knock out his profits that way."

"It can't be got around," said Al Smith, "that the ex-champion whom Dempsey refused to do a turn for till he got \$200 was the biggest gun of his day. He fought the best of them going and never got beat. I think he deserves a show once in a while, and, by the way, this is the only one he has asked for in four years."

"Don't you think," asked a younger man, "that Dempsey has a right to look at it from a business standpoint? Times have changed in twenty years. Boxers don't have their habitations in one country or even in one town any more. Jack punches easily on his self. 'This man wants no to spar for him. I'm going to draw the best part of the house, and I can't afford to fritter away my theatrical reputation by sparring for anybody without I get something for it. I may be in England or Australia when I want him to do me a turn. If I had a benefit would he come and spar for me if I was in New York? I'll change him, and if I want him to spar for me I'll pay him, same as I have to pay folks that spar at my shows nowadays. Times have changed. The boxers used to travel from London to Philadelphia and do turns for each other gratis. There are more in the business, and most of them don't stay in it long. Another thing: There are mighty few grandly built nowadays. A man risks his hard-earned reputation every time he spars with a stranger."

If Ford is a contestant, as it is reported that he will be, in the New York Athletic Club's amateur all-around championship games at the Polo Grounds, on June 7, the event will be memorable. What a battle for points there ought to be between Ford and Jordan!

Billy Oliver, the Harlem sporting man, says that the couple he once caught between Jen Felt and Bob Ferguson, who is to take place at Odd-Fellows' Hall, Holoken, on Wednesday evening, will be the best of the pair. "I don't know," he says, "but I think it will be a good fight. I've seen a month or so ago, O. I. over also says, 'Godfrey, of Boston, has declined a go with Felt after agreeing to one. The purse was to be \$1,000, so it would not be on account of the money, but he refused. A prominent New York Athletic Club man was to have managed the affair between Felt and Godfrey, and the Boston jockey has lost a good friend by backing him. Felt and George LeBlanche, the marine, will be matched next week."

The purchase of such a site and the erection of such a building will appear all the more remarkable when it is stated that in May, 1883, only five years ago, Mr. Pulitzer purchased the World newspaper for \$200,000. It then had a circulation of not little over 15,000, and two presses answered all its requirements. Now the average number of Worlds printed per day is over 300,000, requiring a press capacity of twenty single presses. The number of employees in the business and mechanical departments and in the composing room has increased in proportion, while the number of employees in the editorial department is by far the largest connected with any in the world.

Burly wonders will never cease, and we can read such facts only with surprise and amazement. A bold, fearless and independent course, connected with an energy, an enterprise and a vigilance unapproachable, has accomplished the work.

## FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

He (a blood)—Won't you have some wine, Miss Keppell?

"No, thank you, sir; it makes me giddy. Best for heaven sake take some; it'll do you good."

(Now they never speak.)

## The Wisest Woman.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Who was the wisest man?" inquired the Sunday school superintendent.

"Solomon," cried the children in chorus.

"Correct. Now let me tell me the name of the wisest woman?" said the superintendent, jocularly.

"She," replied a haggard-looking little boy, who wore long hair and spectacles.

## Aiming at Originality.

(From Peck.)

St. Louis Book Dealer (to customer)—In selecting a library, madam, you will, of course, want a set of Dickens's works.

"Complete."

Mrs. Apple River—No, I think not. Everybody has Dickens's works.

## The Spirit of the Law.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Uncle Rastus (to his employer, a lawyer)—Dey's er man watin' outside de do', sah, fo' twenty-cents 'er cahrin' in de coal, sah.

Lawyer—But, Rastus, I expected you to carry in.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; but yo' see, Miss legal, sah, I was only 'boid to de do' office wuk, an' I was fraid dat I cain't in de coal 'twoodn't be legal, sah.

## Letter 27.

Teacher (to five-year-old Johnny)—Repeat the letters of the alphabet.

Johnny repeats from A to Z.

Teacher—That's right, Johnny; but there's one more. What is the last letter of the alphabet?

Bowery Uddin—I know, teacher; letter go, Gallagher.

## Not Strange.

(From the Times Herald.)

"Strange," said a man, "reminded Milton to Spilson, speaking of a mutual friend, 'how the genius, like like Spilgon, and a professional gambler.'"

"No doubt," replied Spilson, "on account of his winning ways."

## The Fitness of Things.

(From the Burlington Free Press.)

Dumpey, meeting Popinjay, satel in hand—What! you aren't going to take your vacation at the end of year?

Popinjay—No, I'm not. I'm going to take my vacation at the end of the year.